

# BLUE GRASS BLADE

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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

## Paine, the Modern Spartacus

(By Joseph Rogers.)

He cut these words on the shield of Thought:  
"The people ask the joys of Right;  
The wrong that long the church has wrought,  
Shall aid no more the reign of night."

He saw the Lie in halls of State;  
"The powers that be" take Freedom's all;  
He saw Shylock exact his rate,  
And drive the widow to the wall.

He mark't the thinkers how they built,  
The engines of the country's might,  
And yet their blood was freely spilt,  
If they did claim a freeman's right.

The divine mandate everywhere  
Was trotted out to still unrest;  
The shackled thinker did not dare,  
To voice the thought his mind express'd.

"Arise! Ye slaves; and drive the curse  
From out your homes to endless death;  
Arise! Let not its greed make worse  
The woes that Love encountereth!"

"Away with shackles from the child;  
The fetters link the nation's name  
To all the horrors that compiled,  
The chapter of your daughter's shame."

"Arise! And sound the roar of war  
And sweep these terrors from the hills;  
The reign of tyrants shall no more,  
Enslave the wish that Mercy wills."

A band of men seathed by the fire  
Of ills that sapp'd the nation's life,  
Mark't well the cause that did inspire  
The brawny chief to talk of strife.

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The chieftain closed their marshal'd ranks,  
As to the foe they nearer drew;  
A field of carnage wrap't their flanks,  
But fearless marched the dauntless few.

They saw the boot, the bloody rack,  
The bones of thousands on the plain:  
Old history turned her pages back,  
To show the church's work again.

They noticed Bruno's charred skull,  
The blazing stakes upon the green,  
The loathsome prisons teeming full  
Of men whose aim the Truth had been.

They heard the cry of tortur'd hosts,  
The dying voice that asked relief,  
But echo rang the tyrant's boasts,  
And added venom to their grief.

The feudal lord with vassal train,  
With cruel zeal did carve his way,  
Though living flesh, through heart and brain,  
To bring a county 'neath his sway.

The martyr, with his face aglow,  
Did point toward the dawning day  
And spake of "Freedom," but the foe,  
Devour'd him as he stood at bay.

The chattel slave at the auction block,  
With anxious eyes survey'd the throng,  
As his new master did unlock,  
The links of love he'd known so long.

The bones of Brown smote by the wind,  
Did groan a warning in the air;  
"Be careful as ye free your kind,  
Lest Death o'ertaketh those who dare."

A T Parker  
Sepos  
High and Ashland East Side